MUGS DANCE TOMORROW NIGHT

The MARTLET

CHRISTMAS DANCE DEC. 20

No. 2 — VICTORIA, B.C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER, 18, 1955 — Price 10c

MARTLET DRAWS CRITICISM

GAEL STOTT APPOINTED TOWER EDITOR

The Victoria College annual is, at press time, well into its initial stages of preparation. The Tower as it is called, will be available to the students some time in early April. Individual pictures of the Sophomores have already been taken by Leonard Holmes and preparations for freshman pictures are all but complete.

Miss Gael Stott, an ex-Oak Bay student with a wealth of experience both in newspaper and annual work behind her, was unanimously selected editor by the Students' Council. Her business manager, who was also appointed by the council, is Monty Little, again an experienced man in his field.

Other officers elected at the initial Tower meeting were: Harlene Christensen, assistant editor; Maxine Errington, art editor; Cordell Newby, photography editor; Myna Hunter, clubs editor; Myra Johnson, personals; Barbara Sanson, literary editor; Barbara Salonen, girls' sports editor; Mike Partridge, boys' sports editor, and Barb Jenkins, sales manager.

IRC HOSTS GUEST SPEAKERS

Since the beginning of the college year the I.R.C. has held bi-weekly meetings at which it has presented speakers or topics such as "Jamaica," "Eritrea" and "Italian Somaliland." On Monday, November 7, the club presented Mr. and Mrs. Hale who spoke on the topic "Blazing a Trail from Bombay to Katmanu". Mr. Hall who is the general manager of Thos. Cook & Son (India) showed his coloured *slides* of Nepal. His wife, Mrs. Hale, who came dressed in an Indian "Sari", gave a background sketch of this country and explained the pictures. In the future I.R.C. hopes to present talks on subjects such as "Inside a Japanese Prison Camp."

WUGS SELL COLLEGE SWEATERS

Be on the lookout this week for Victoria College sweaters to be displayed in the WUGS trophy case outside the Library. Suggest that your parents buy you one for Christmas. A small down payment must be made between 12:30 and 1:30 any day this week to the members of the WUGS in charge. The sweaters will come in two weights ($7 and $10, approx.) and in two styles—V-necked pullover or V-necked cardigan. College crests, written in script on V.C. colours, will be sold for $1.65. Scarves in blue and gold will sell for $2.50, while the regular College pins are $1.25 and the Blazer Crests, $5.50. So don't forget. Place your order now and show that you're proud to call Vic College your Alma Mater. We know that you are.

The above picture shows Miss Barbara Hawkes receiving an award from Miss Kathleen Agnew at the Victoria College Annual Assembly held Friday, October 21 in the auditorium. A large number of both students and parents was in attendance.—Photo by Gary Whitten.

The Martlet has been the main campus publication for a number of years at Victoria College. The paper has in the past been very interesting and at other times dull and drab. With the first edition of the Martlet this year, the editors followed the regular format of past campus editions. However, strong criticism of the paper has arisen this term from a faculty member as well as some students.

Students have said the news, that is sports, clubs and social events were old being almost a week out of date and that there was very little good reading material in the paper.

The faculty does not think the Martlet has a high enough literary standard for university and that we strive for sensationalism and as a result the paper is of a low level. Objections to the three or four editions produced each term and the use of advertisements in the paper has also come under criticism.

It has been suggested instead that we make the paper more literary by having articles containing criticism of concerts and special events, by taking a college news item and giving the full picture of it and by asking especially talented students to write stories and discussions on current topics. If the Martlet did this our complete format and tone would be changed.

EDITORIAL

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the faculty member who has put forward to a Martlet reporter a most constructive criticism of the paper. There are some points contained within this criticism that we are no doubt guilty of; but, on the other hand, there are some points with which I must take exception.

First of all I would contradict the statement that no advertising appear in the paper. Without this source of income the paper would be unable to function. For example, the total expenses of our first issue amounted to approximately $88.00 with only $20.00 being received from the sale of papers. Our advertising total amounted to approximately $43.00, thereby leaving us with a deficit on the first issue alone of $25.00. The Student's Council grants the Martlett $150.00 annually for the purpose of defraying expenses on the publication. It can be readily seen therefore that without this source of income the paper would exceed the Council grant in no time at all.

Secondly, the amount of work contained in organization, writing, editing, publishing and selling the 3 or 4 issues produced each term puts a heavy strain on the student officials and staff of the Martlet as it is. If more issues were to be published each term, the time for studies, which is the main interest of all students at College, would be seriously curtailed.

The main purpose of the Martlet is to give to the students a concise picture of campus life and activities and also to serve as a deviation to the intellectual strain of the academic phase of college. Therefore, the Martlet staff feels that their policy of giving to the students a light and entertaining paper is justified. It should be noted also that the serious and intellectual side of College life is most competently dealt with by the weekly Spectator and Tuesday Noon Record. If the criticism offered to the Martlet by the Faculty members is found to be the general concensus of opinion of the student body, we will endeavor to give a wider representation of College interests, both intellectual and social to the students. We would appreciate letters to the editor concerning your views on this matter.

We on the Martlet staff want to give you, the students of Victoria College, the kind of paper that you want. Don't hesitate to express your opinions either by letter or in person to any member of the Martlet executive.

CAST CHOSEN FOR COLLEGE PLAY

The Player's Club has been very busy but rather silent during the past few weeks. Every Wednesday night and Saturday afternoon students have gathered with Mrs. Flora Nicolson to discuss and read plays. At last it was decided to do Christopher Fry's "The Lady's Not For Burning," a play which definitely presents a challenge to the club. It is a comedy, very subtle and rather satirical, of Medieval England. Finally, after several readings Mrs. Nicolson chose the cast of three women and eight men. Russ Gurney, Marjorie Gilbart, Katherine Arnold, and Larry Johns have the main parts, while the rest of the cast includes John Sparks, Heather Manson, Bob Warren, Eric Allen, Allen La Croix, Tony Churchill and Bob Genn. The play will be presented February 23, 24 and 25 in the Union Room. It will be a highly technical production so all those interested in back-stage work, be on hand. You will be needed. The Player's Club hopes that this production will be even more successful than "The Young Elizabeth."

UNION ROOM OPENED WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS

The Students' Council recently passed a motion permitting the Union Room to be opened on Wednesday afternoons from 3:00 to 4:30 for the relaxation of the students. This idea, which met with tremendous success last year, seems to be falling far short of the council's expectations. Sue Burnett and Lance Finch were placed in charge of the plan. They report a very disappointing turnout of the students thus far.

The main purpose of the scheme is to give students an opportunity to relax and visit in the pleasant surroundings of the Union Room. Music is provided by records for either dancing or just listening. Pop and doughnuts sold by Mrs. Norris may also be obtained. It is hoped that next Wednesday a large turnout of students will attend this small function. Come and relax and get to know your fellow students better.

DEFINITION OF A KISS

A mouthful of nothing
That tastes like Heaven
And sounds like a cow
Pulling his foot out of the mud.

The Martlet Staff

THE MARTLET

Victoria College's official newspaper published under the direction of the Students' Council of Victoria College. Opinions stated are those of the editor or individual writers, and not necessarily those of the Students' Council.

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CLUB DIRECTORY

There have been a number of requests to publish a list of the various clubs (and their respective presidents) that exist at Victoria College. The main aim in doing this is to give those students interested in joining one of these clubs at College a directory of those functioning here. The presidents will be only too glad to give any details of their particular clubs, such as when and where they meet, to any prospective member.

Students' Christian Movement
President . . . Alan Newberry
Bowling Club
President . . . . . Mike Fox
Victoria College Jazz Society
President . . . Jeremy Winter
Camera Club
President . . . Gary Whitten
Players Club
President . . . . Russ Gurney
Pre-Med. Association
President . . . . Dick Fraser
Badminton Club
President . . . Nan Baxter
Square Dance Club
President . . . Bill Woodbury
Glee Club
President . . . Glen Atkinson
Forum
President . . . Court Haddock
I.V.C.F.
President . . . . Paul Steeves
Science Club
President . . . . . Gael Stott
International Relations Club
President . . . . Hilary Hale
T.N.R.
President . . . . Russ Gurney
Newman Club
President . . . Bill Woodbury
Radio Club
President . . . . Robert Genn
Booster Club
President . . . Court Haddock

REPORT ON THE COMMONS

In an effort to improve the inadequate conditions in the men's and women's commons, Dave Edgar called for, and presided over, a series of meetings between Barb Hawkes, Bob Food, and two representatives from Normal School. It was agreed that the greatest need was for additional chesterfield suites. However, this had to be put aside for the time being, as Normal was unable to appropriate any funds whatsoever. Thus any decisions concerning the purchase of this furniture are dependent upon the financial outcome of the MUGS dance.

SCM NEWS

The student Christian Movement of Vic. College continues to carry out its traditional program as do all the SCM units in Canada. Every Wednesday, eager students go to room 53 armed with Bibles, notebooks and pencils for Bible Study led by Mrs. Biddle of St. John's Church. Apart from Bible Study, activities to date have been varied and numerous. Father Bailey has spoken on "History and Revelation." This was a most controversial discussion and is still in debate among SCM members. A fireside was held in the College Union Room on October 11, at which Kathy Clark discussed her summer work at Weyburn Mental Home in Saskatchewan, Joanne Chapman spoke of her weekend at the SCM fall camp at Ocean Park, and Alan Newberry presented highlights of his trip to SCM National Council in Paris, Ontario. Rev. Ted Nichols, general secretary of SCM in Canada was on the campus for three days during which time he led cafeteria discussions, addressed the students and presided at an executive dinner and advisory board meeting. He also met with the faculty. The auditorium was partially full on October 19 for the message of Rev. Bob Cunningham, an Irish evangelist, now preaching in Vancouver. Rev. Ted Johnson spoke at a fireside of SCM'rs and Saint Andrew's Presbyterian Church and gave a most interesting discussion at Professor Elliot's home. Among some of the topics were the Canterbury Club controversy and Anglo-Catholicism. Bob Genn is going to Athens, Ohio, during the Christmas vacation to attend the Ecumemical Conference at Ohio University. SCM meets in room 53 every Wednesday and Thursday and welcomes you to join its varied program.

Meanwhile, it is hoped that a ping pong table will be placed in the Women's commons. A search is also being conducted for worktables, and the chairs to be put around them. As foils for those who love to litter the floor with cigarette butts and ashes, ashtrays are being purchased.

Johnny hopes to make the news,
He wants to fill his father's shoes.
Mary hopes to do much better—
She wants to fill her mother's sweater.

CJVC RADIO PROGRAMME SCHEDULE

	12:30	1:00	1:05	1:25
Monday	"Make Believe Ballroom"	News	Ballroom Continued	Off Air
Tuesday	"Rendezvous with Records"	News	Records Continued	Off Air
Wednesday	"Personalities in Sound"	News	Sound Continued	Off Air
Thursday	"Foods Platter Parade"	News	Parade Continued	Off Air
Friday	"The Progressive Hour"	News	Hour Continued	Off Air

Top College Disc Jockeys hit the airwaves every noon hour on CJVC Radio. Visit the modern studios during open house week. See your College radio station in action.

TNR REPORT

TNR this year, under president Russ Gurney, is planning an ambitious program of live entertainment to supplement the Tuesday Noon Record Sessions. The first of these live programs was a lecture-recital by guest artist Malcolm Hamilton. Mr. Hamilton, who is currently studying at the Normal School, has his B.A. from Washington University music degrees from Toronto and London and is an associate of the American Guild of Organists.

On Monday, October 31, he delighted a capacity crowd in Room 101 with three piano groups, ranging from Scarlatti to Gershwin. To each of these groups Mr. Hamilton gave a brief introduction which added to the enjoyment of the music. Two more guest artists will be presented this year along with concerts by talented students of the college.

TNR also has its own weekly publication, this year edited by Marjorie Gilbart and Valerie Squance. Its purpose is a sounding board for student opinion and criticism and also for original or creative work. Lately a dispute has been carried on in both **TNR** and **Spectator** over the foundation of a Canterbury Club on the campus. Many views both pro and con have been expressed. This is the sort of thing the editors wish to encourage, for it brings the topics of the times to the notice of most of the student body, something only a weekly publication can do. Student response has been very good this far; we all hope it will continue.

She's a pretty little wench
Sitting there upon the bench
Looking very coy and shy
At every passing college guy.
Such thrilling eyes
Concentric thighs
It's too darn bad
She's bald.

SEMI-ANNUAL AMS MEETING HELD

The semi-annual meeting of the Alma Mater Society was held in the auditorium at 12:30 on Wednesday, November 2. A moderate turnout of students was present to hear reports presented by members of the Students' Council in which they outlined their progress in getting their particular departments rolling in this new term. Reports were given by Merle Emery, secretary; Ina Corbett, women's sports representative; Barbara Hawkes, Women's Undergraduate Society representative; Malcolm MacMillan, treasurer; Bob Food, Men's Undergraduate Society representative; Bill Carpentier, director of literary and social; Bob Pearmain, Martlet editor; Tim Williams, director of publicity, and Mike Partridge, men's sports representative. President Dave Edgar was in the chair.

President Edgar announced that a plebiscite would be held to determine the wishes of the student body as to the place where they wished their Christmas dance to be held. This was deemed necessary after the dispute that arose last year when the highly-successful Christmas dance was held in the Union Room contrary to many students' wishes. A number of students believed that the student body should have been given a chance to voice their opinion as to the location of this major dance.

"Hello, Mary Jones, whatcha doing Saturday night?"

"I gotta date."

"And the next Saturday after that?"

"I gotta date."

"And the Saturday after that?"

"Gotta date."

"Good gosh, woman, dontcha ever take a bath?"

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Cousin Chrissy's Culture Corner

O' Cousin Chrissy in a fit insane,
Laid her head beneath a train,
Now you would be surprised to find,
Just how it broadened Chrissy's mind.

Ah, life! Ah, love, Ah, ecstasy! Ah, nuts! (Ed. Note: Ah, get on with the story!)

Harrumph!! (Cough, choke, etc.) In an effort to bring cultured culture to the cultured who read this Culture Corner, I, Cultured J. V. Christensen, (Note: This is a plug for CJVI), have accumulated my excess knowledge (Ed. Note: Which is only exceeded by that possessed by the North Siberian species of southern salientias), and at great expense—namely three packages of paper, two typewritter ribbons, one eraser, and four broken fingernails—shall proceed to enlighten you with a few signficant facts regarding my intrepid wonderings . . . I mean, wanderings. Now to begin!!

Goaded into writing one of my best sellers, I set out, lantern in hand, for the darkest wilds of Africa. It was here in the Belgium Congo that I met my life-long friend, Shake-a-spear, a native, who guided me to the famed King Solomon's Mines. Now, it seems that King Solomon's Mines really belonged to the Queen. And, in an effort to revoke the law of Community Property (which clearly states "what is his is hers whether it be pillow cases, bath towels, or . . ." but I digress from my story), he hired a local night owl by the name of Gumm E. Raser, who proceeded with great finnes . . . fen . . . phynes . . . care to rub her out. Thus, Queenie met with fowl play and I wrote my first story—"Whoo Dunnit and Why."

Then, endowed with the truly adventuresome spirit that is characteristic of all purple-bloods (a cross between a pure blue-blood and a-not-so-pure red-blood), I journeyed to France—the land of Art (a debonair Frenchman), love (I was mad about him), literature (oh, those letters!), and Can-Can girls (completely irrelevant — merely background). And it was in Casey's Bargain Basement that Arthur spent his nights at a round table; and bedecked with all the pomp and dignity of one who has been imbibing regularly, he proceeded to "throw" his first party. It was a complete and utter flop! But, come to think of it, he was never any good at organizing, or for that matter, at playing the piano (this one you'll have to think about—for the intellectual-type student).

So, with bag, baggage, and bowling ball (oops! wrong story!), I headed for my next place of business — the Arizona Desert (or should that be Dessert??), and my old friend Slippery Sam MacGillicuddy.

Now Sam had purpose, Sam had clarity, Sam had nothing, Sam had been had—that is, he had been robbed.

Consequently, I, my nose for news, and Sam, decided to capture the critter who had done Sam wrong.

To do this I decided that I would need a disguise. And, with a paper bag over my head and my cowboy hat on backwards (this way I could sneak up on the culprit who would think that I was going forward—but I'd fool him—I'd be going backwards, that is forward backwards, or rather—well, anyway, I'd be moving in another direction), I picked up Sam—he'd slipped on the ice. (Ed. Note: What? Ice in the middle of the Arizona Desert?). (My Note: Oh, keep quiet! Who's writing this, anyway—you or me?). (Ed. Note: You are; But if you're not careful I'll be doing it!). (My Note: Why you old . . .). (Ed. Note: CHRISTENSEN . . . MUSH!!). (My Note: "MUSH"—a command issued forth by nameless coureurs de bois to urge dog teams on to their greatest efforts—may be heard in the far reaches of Northwestern America or Central Siberia, depending on whether you are blue-blooded or red-blooded.)

Now, back to the plot—exciting, isn't it??

As we set about our task, Sam met the love of his life, Brunehilde, on her way to the local bar (she took ballet lessons), and at once she realized what Sam was going to do. Pleading, she said, "Oh, no!"

He said, "Oh, yes!"
She said, "Oh, no!"
He said, "Oh, yes!"

And to keep the conversation on an inspirational tone, I just said, "Oh!"

But Sam was determined. His horse had rubbed noses with Brunehilde's and he wanted to rub noses, too. So, Brunehilde finally broke down, lost her reservedness, and said, "Well, go ahead—he's your horse!"

And then, with chin up, chest out, and feet flat—not on the ground, just flat—Slippery Sam left Frog Gulp Gulch and sped across Singing Cricket Mesa for a plausible rendezvous with the suspected criminal who had usurped his privileges, taken advantage of Sam's disadvantages, and committed a felony. In other words, he took off after the dirty crook who had done him in.

Upon arriving at said crook's shack (a small, insignificant, fifty-seven room "bungalow" with a full basement—eighteen cases of Teacher's Highland Cream, four cases of Seagrams' you-know-what, a dash of Vodka, a pinch of brew, a home-made distillery, ten cartons of mixed aspirin and coke, and three boxes of Alka-Seltzer for the morning-after-the-night-before). Sam met said crook and slyly began a conversation . . . with her! (I had since locked myself . . . that is, the latch had slipped and I was stuck in the basement—heh! heh!)

"Hello, I am Sam," he said. (He later told me that this was all he could think of to say).

"Hello, I am Deborah," she said. (She later told me that this was all she could think of to say, too).

Then Sam, a-taken-in with her charms, began to serenade her—"Take my arms, and give me yours. Take my love, and give me yours"—and for the next four hours they played swap and shop, whilst I, left to my own devices played "Oh, the doors swing in, and the doors swing out—while some pass in, and others pass out" on various empty bottles of one size or another.

At the conclusion of this highly enjoyable afternoon, Sam got his stolen yo-yo string back, Deborah vowed that she would reform, they released me from my prison, and I went home amid the cheers of pink elephants and the like.

And, in closing, dear friends, I give you the quotation of the day—"Blessed is he who sits on a cactus—for he shall rise."

BOYS' SPORTS RECORD

As was anticipated, the men's sports season has begun with a bang. All teams have enjoyed a fair measure of success so far and seem to indicate that they will continue to do so.

The biggest noise at the moment is from the confines of Carnarvon Park where the rugby men display their talents. Both the first and second division squads are well over on the winning side of the ledger, with only one loss being reported in a total of seven games played to date. In their two games as a unit, the first team has indicated that it is going to be the dark horse in the city league this year. They have recorded exhibition wins over Shawnigan Lake (9-6) and the Oak Bay Wanderers (14-12) (first division) and, though early season lack of conditioning and co-ordination have been evident in their play they have looked good enough to put up a good scrap for league honors. The second team has also managed to show good form in overcoming the opposition of the Oak Bay Wanderers, Oak Bay High and Vic High although they suffered an 8-5 setback at the hands of Navy in their first league start.

The basketball men, while their season will probably not start until after Christmas, are working hard with two practices a week and at least one exhibition game a week. They have two exhibition games under their belts in which they showed up well, but came out on the short end of the totals. But, it is early yet and with a lot of ex-Vic High and Esquimalt stars in the fold, they should be on the top of the heap pretty soon.

The soccer team has provided the only perfect showing of the College teams. So far they have had no losses in their three starts having defeated Royal Roads 5-1, Normal School 3-0 and Venture 2-0. It's good to see this in view of the fact that soccer is now on the upgrade at college which is a change from former years when it was relegated to a rather low position of interest and organization. It is hoped that the boys in blue will continue to play this way and set something of a standard for the teams of following years to aim at.

GIRLS TOP CITY LEAGUE

On Saturday, November 5, Victoria College grasshockey team trounced St. Margaret's School 8-0, to gain the championship of the fall half of the Victoria Grasshockey League. Each of the four teams (Provincial Normal School, St. Margaret's School, Victoria College and Victoria Ladies) played three games, which constitutes the first half of the season. The winner of the second half, which will also consist of each team playing one another, will meet Victoria College for the City Championship.

On October 29, the girls squeezed by Victoria Ladies by a 4-3 margin, after many tense minutes of hard fought competition.

First Half Standings
Victoria City Grasshockey League

	Pts	W	L	Goals for	Goals ag'n't
Victoria College	6	3	0	23	3
Victoria Ladies	4	2	1	12	6
St. Margaret's School	2	1	2	7	13
Normal School	0	0	3	1	21

On November 11th the girls travelled to Vancouver for the Pacific Northwest Grasshockey Conference, to compete with other universities in the Northwest. However, results were not available at press time.

On Saturday, November 26th, the team will compete in the Annual Bridgman Cup Tournament, to be held on the Oak Bay High School grounds. Games will commence at 10:15 a.m. and will finish at 3:00. Come out and cheer for your team before you fix yourself in front of the TV set for the Grey Cup game.

SPORT BRIEFS

The girls basketball team has not played any games to date but are quickly rounding into shape under the watchful eye of Lance Finch. They will be playing their opening game on November 26th at Oak Bay Junior High as a preliminary to the boys' Alberni game. They are also expected to take the floor against Oak Bay High on December 2nd at Oak Bay Junior High gym.

Badminton is coming along but we still went to see more players out on Wednesday at the Victoria Lawn Tennis and Badminton Club. Come on gang, fill those courts.

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SOCIAL HIGHLITES

BIG BASH BELIEVED BREWING BECAUSE—

I won't say, "It's the best!" I won't say, "You can't beat it!" I won't say, "Go, go, go, go!" I won't plead with you . . . as a matter of fact I won't even try and sell you a ticket if you aren't clamouring for one. I also won't tell you to "ask someone who was there last year" or to "hurry up and ask a girl," or that "You're nuts if you don't go." No, I won't say any of that, I'll just ignore you completely if you're the least bit hesitant about it, because, you see I know that if you don't go . . . you'll suffer . . . you'll really suffer. For weeks afterwards your friends will come up to you and say, "Wha-a-a-a-t . . . you mean you weren't there! . . . You mean you missed it! . . . It was the biggest bash of the year . . . It was the greatest!" So you see, dear Frosh (there's no question of the Sophs not being there) . . . so you see dear, young, innocent Froshlet, what it'll be like if you don't turn up at the **Mugs' dance, Flamingo Room, Crystal Garden—Hughie Gray's orchestra—$2.00 a couple.** (Tickets may be obtained from the **Mugs' Exec., Bob Food, Mike Fox, Court Haddock, Ron Mars, Murray Little** and at the door and . . . Oops . . . nearly forgot . . . there's the **Wugs'** entertainment!

OH, REALLY!

(Or the Lyric of the Lofty Lady)

I'm one of the darling sophisticates.
Queen undisputed of captious debates.
I'm sauve and subtle and possessed of tact
Thoroughly gentile, as a matter of fact.
With expressions of hauteur the rabble I view,
My suitors are many and stand in a cue.
If I raise an eyebrow at an indiscreet man
The bouncer will put him out, fast as he can
With manner as elegant as the most formal toast
I'm reckoned as second to Miss Emily Post;
My pedigree's famous as its long and sustained
From prominent display of it I've never refrained
I'm so dainty to see and so witty to know
I will thrill you with talk of my cousin's chateaux
You'll not fail to see me where ever's the "best"
For in fashions from Paris I'm modishly dressed
Yet often as not I am forced to admit
Money matters disturb me, or rather lack of it
But you'll have to agree tho' my bank is not full
I've abundance of that elusive commodity "pull."
How unrefined of you to ask what I do for a living
I blush, but chins up, no misgiving
Come now, please give me time to construe
A plausible reason for existence I'm due
And if I've no reason and am lacking in fact
That I try to make up for in suaveness and tact.

Driver of the car (unfamiliar with the road): "I take the next turn, don't I?"

Muffled voice from the back seat: "Like hell you do!"

COLLEGE FASHIONS —OF A SORT

I am writing on the assumption that what the piples of the College wear does come under the heading of fashion. Not that I object to dirty-white bucks, worn with peculiar-hued socks, two days growth of beard on the boys' faces—that is, on the faces of those old enough to shave—and a predilection to all having beanshaves at the same time, black-and-pink saddle shoes ditto ties and socks, chemical-stained white(?) cords, ankle-length charcoal gray skirts, white, and various other coloured pop jackets, drapes, and what-have-you, you understand. It's just that I'm writing on one of those mornings after the Roads' Dance the night before, and all night long I've had visions of those smart blue tunics wandering around in my head, (and with the hangover I've got, the pink elephants those tunics are meeting are having their own little combined fashion and acrobatic show); actually, the clothes the kids are wearing this year, apart from the afore-mentioned pet peeves of mine—do seem to bear some resemblance to reasonableness, and look smart, while not being too expensive. Pastels seem to be with us this winter—matching skirts and sweaters are very much in evidence in light colours, as are their counterparts in shoes. Dirty white bucks, for both sexes, are being coupled with socks that match the sweaters, making a very "a la mode" ensemble. Nobody seems to bother with hats, except Monty Little and Sandy Hood, who have large icky 10-gallon deals; everyone else just keeps the 5-and-10 in business buying thin silk kerchiefs. Necklaces have gone out, and the New Look is a plain sweater, with no adornment, other than yourself, in or on it, a plain skirt, and, to a greater degree than usual, nylons and pumps, or bobby-socks and saddles, and I do mean saddles, or white bucks, usually grey. And now, as I'm off to Vancouver for the week-end, I'll say adieu to the Crazy College Kids, and bash off, all dressed to my fashionable teeth, to the fair shores of our rainy metropolis.

DAFFY DEUTCH

A working vocabulary for all hopeless German students—guaranteed to alleviate the excruciating necessity for interlinial glossaries.

Tag . . . You're it!
Bilderbuch . . . One who constructs reading material.
Damit . . . Censored!
Hell . . . Also censored.
Gutenachtkuss . . . Exactly what it sounds like, and much better in the dark.
Donner, Blitzen . . . Guess who's reindeer?
Bube . . . Somebody goofed.
Herr . . . Long, blond, um!
Graben . . . Selfish type.
Hart . . . And soul.
Necken . . . On top of Beacon Hill.
Sinnen . . . Same place?
Krank . . . Old bag (also for starting cars).
Wort . . . Removed by dead cats in "Tom Sawyer."
Wetter . . . For which diapers were invented.
Sobald . . . As a billiard ball.
Sogar . . . Large cigarette.
Kolonisationsunternehmungen . . . I can't pronounce it either.

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ROVIN' REPORTER

Don Napier travelling the high seas in **Larry Johns** Kayak—**Barb Hawkes** and **Monty Little** baby-sitting on Thursday night. **Bob Warren** mopping the cafe floor—**Brian Perry Whittingham** studying in the stacks? **Mr. Pettit** bumming matches in the library from **Marj Gilbart** and **Barb Jenkins** and **Larry Johns** supplying him with a whole box — **Pat Gallaugher** and **Hilary Hale** haunting Vancouver one week-end — **Barry Goodwin** snapping pictures of **Jenny Little** bowling — **Fred Greene** coming to college to receive his bachelor of ??—a booth full of girls agreeing **Court Haddock** is real nice—**Ina Corbett** disgusted with the cheerleaders—**Mike Fox** teaching **Murna Hunter** how to inhale—**Sue Reid** appearing in French — **Carol Kennedy** having a party for the Venture football team — **Maxine Herbert** having two dates for the Venture-Roads game—**Glen Atkinson** skating on his ???—**Sally Simpson, Ruth Orton, Donna Burridge,** and **Pat Jones** planning for a bang-up week-end in Vancouver — **Mr. Carson** heard asking **John Sparks** what he wants radio? **Betty-Lou?** or Latin??—**Russ Gurney, Eric Allen, Al Lacroix** and **John Sparks** singing that "CJVC" musical break—**Garry Whitten** chaperoning young ladies on his motorcycle—**John Magwood** singing his old refrain "drink drink"—**Win Lochhead** buying a sympathy card — **Maureen O'Shea** catching spiders at the Roads dance—**Barb Courtney** assisting in the Bi-Lab—**Dorothy Galvin, Nan Baxter** and **Les Jacques** comparing notes after the Roads dance—**Anne Deacon** throwing a hung over party—**Doug Monroe** and **Cliff Harwood** moaning over those lost buttons.

HOW TO BE VERY, VERY POPULAR

As seen by Freshie the Frosh

DO's—

1. Do spend at least five hours in the Cafe every day.
2. Do join so many clubs, etc. (mostly etc.) that you have no time for studies.
3. Do carry cigarettes for all other members of College (especially Sophs).
4. Do get in a gross inebriated condition at least once a week.
5. Let every one know about it.
6. Do centre most of your conversation around liquor and sex (there's something else??!)
7. Do own at least one Cadillac convertible.

(Ed. Note: If number seven is present the other six may be omitted).

DON'T's—

1. Under no circumstances enter the Library (it creates the wrong impression).
2. Never attend an 8:30 Saturday lecture (people will think you didn't have a date Friday night).
3. Never pass a mid-term.
4. Never admit, even to your closest friend, that you think Vic College has any "spirit."
5. NEVER criticize the **Martlet.**

Heard **Betty Lou** complaining about the hardness of the floor on Saturday nite. Never mind Betty Lou you only slept on it for four hours. **Ina** sure was in a hurry to go to Vancouver. Beware boys, don't phone **Audrey** on Thursday nights, it's just not her best evening! **Court** seems to have been pushed into going to another college dance—What's the matter Court, who's boss anyhow? **Mike** sure gets excited when he sees a truck outside the cafe (it was five miles long!) One of these days **Pat Bird** is going to get that coat locked in her locker and throw away the key. **Susan Reid** sure was worried about **Dave** and those nurses—he got the cutest ones in the hospital. **Mern** sure is getting a dislike for the boys in blue—Wonder who'll get the crown for the local lover this year? It sure is going to be "keen" competition. **Ron** and **Peter** seem to have been doing a lot of work at the library lately—nice librarian? Thought for awhile there that **Chuck Christenson** was going to leave paradise ! ! **Ann Deakin** sure has a good line, or so we hear. We have a nice group of Debs this year, hope they have as much fun as **Don Napier** did last year. Hint for College Men. I heard a group of local Co-Ed's exclaiming how courteous those boys in blue are. **Men,** from now on we must unlock the girls front door.

Dear Editor sure gets his wires crossed as to who's writing this column (no offence meant Bob—it just struck me funny.)

MY IDEA OF—

Do you feel disappointed, disgruntled, and discouraged with your present girl or boy friend, hmmm?? Do you often dream of whom he or she should resemble, hmmm?? Well, in any case, The Martlet has gone to great pains to bring to you the ideal dream girl and dream boy—so PLEASE READ this column!

THE IDEAL GIRL

hair like—Merle Emery, Isobel Ogle.
eyes like—Heather Manson, Carol Smith
personality like—Jenny Little, Harlene Christensen
figure like—Betty-Lou Hemmingson, Joan Sutherland
nose like—Barb Hawkes, Myrna Hunter
glasses like—Susan Reid, Nancy Frejd
jives like—Rita Leong, Barb Salonen
clothes like—Nan Baxter, Margot Thomson
smile like—Barb Courtney, Carol Penty.

THE IDEAL BOY

hair like—Don Napier, Fred Jackson
eyes like—Ed Price, Phil Willis
personality—Mike Fox, Buddy Rutherford
build like—Merlin Hawes, John Wellman
nose like—Bob Vickery, John Sparks
glasses like—Court Haddock, Bill Ozard
jives like—Al Ore, Ron Shouldice
clothes like—Ron Hurley, John Manning.
smile like—Malc McMillan, Dick Pomeroy.

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